

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XI. No. 27

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

APRIL 3, 1921



## Lost: Ted's Temper. By Bayard D. York.

TED PHELPS fitted a board carefully into place.

"See, Prindle, old boy," he said to the collie who lay beside him in the sun, "you're going to have a nice house all your own. Keep the hot sun off—yes, it will."

The dog crossed his paws and wagged his tail appreciatively against the floor.

"It's almost done," Ted added, as he drove a nail. "I'm working fast because to-morrow I'm going down the river with the fellows. Great fun down the river, Prindle. Too bad you can't go."

Prindle yawned, rolled over on his back, and lazily pawed the air.

"Like to go, wouldn't you?" Ted remarked. "Say—what's the matter with this nail?"

"You didn't drive it straight," said his sister, Louise, who had just appeared at the door.

Ted adjusted the nail again, and raised the hammer.

"Girls aren't much, Prindle," he said. "They can't drive nails or go down the river, or do much of anything—ouch!"

The nail had acted badly again—and a part of the force of the hammer had been expended on Ted's fingers.

Louise giggled.

"Did you say girls can't drive nails?" she inquired.

In rather ominous silence Ted picked up another nail, placed it in position, and struck it sharply. But like the other one, it crumpled and fell to the floor.

"Careful, careful—don't say it!" cautioned the girl.

Ted kept his lips tightly closed, but two red spots began to glow in his cheeks. He snatched up another nail, placed it on the board, and dealt it a tremendous blow.

There was a sharp sound of splintering wood, and one side of the dog-house collapsed into ruin.

And, very unwisely and unkindly, Louise giggled again.

Ted dropped the hammer and sprang toward her, with tears of anger in his eyes.

"Think you're smart, don't you?" he muttered.

Little red spots were dancing before his eyes. He did not know what he was doing. The sharp slap of his hand against his sister's cheek and her surprised "O Ted!" came to his ears as distant meaningless sounds.

He whirled, caught up the hammer, and rained blow after blow on the dog-house until every bit of his three hours' work had been destroyed!

And at that tragic moment Mr. Phelps appeared in the doorway.

"Come with me, Ted," he said quietly.

Ted gave his sister a black look as he passed her. He felt that she was to blame for all this trouble that had come upon him so suddenly. His afternoon's work was destroyed, and he was being led away to punishment besides.

Mr. Phelps walked slowly to the study.

Then he sat down, and motioned Ted to a chair.

"Tell me just what you did," he said.

"It was all her fault—at least mostly," Ted began. "She—"

"You don't understand me," interrupted his father. "I said tell me just what you did—nothing else."

"Well, the old nail wouldn't—"—

Mr. Phelps raised his hand.

"I am not interested in the nail," he said. "Tell me exactly what it was that you did—after you lost your temper."

Ted stared for a moment.

"I—I slapped Louise's face and broke my dog-house to pieces," he said finally.

His father nodded.

"You slapped your sister's face and broke your own dog-house to pieces," he said. "Does that sound like a sensible way to act?"

"But she—"

"I don't want any 'buts' or 'ifs,'" Mr. Phelps interrupted. "I know that Louise teases sometimes—more than she ought to. But you must remember that she is very good sometimes too. Last week she gave up an automobile ride to help you sew up your tent-cover so that you could go down the river last Saturday. But no matter how tantalizing Louise may have been, still it was very foolish to break your own dog-house, wasn't it?"

Ted nodded gloomily. He was beginning to realize how foolish he had been.

"Losing one's temper is always a foolish proceeding," Mr. Phelps said. "That's the first thing to understand clearly. But of course it is only half the story—for none of us intends to lose his temper. We do it because we haven't trained ourselves not to. I am very much ashamed of the way you have acted this afternoon. Can you think of anything, any big thing, that you might do that possibly would train you not to lose your temper again?"

Ted was silent.

"Don't you think of anything?"

The trouble was that Ted *did* think of something, but he did not wish to tell what it was. He was afraid his father might be thinking of the same thing.

"Do you wish to go down the river tomorrow very much?" his father asked finally.

That was it!

"Yes, I do," Ted replied stolidly.

"And possibly," his father said slowly, "if you gave it up and stayed at home and spaded the garden in the morning and built the dog-house in the afternoon, you would be likely next time to hold your temper in check. What do you think?"

Ted did not speak. He blinked fast for a minute. He had been counting a lot on that down-the-river trip.

"Perhaps you think it is bitter medicine," his father said. "But I want to tell you a story—a true one. Bill Foley and I started our business lives together with the firm of Spafford & Clark. Bill was one of the smartest fellows I ever knew—he got ahead of me in no time. I was still only a clerk when he had been made assistant manager.

But Bill had an outrageous temper. A mistake by any one seemed to sweep him off his mental balance. He would rave about it. One day as Bill was administering a terrible calling-down to one of the clerks, old man Spafford came in. Maybe you can guess what happened. It seems Spafford had been trying for four months to find out what was the matter in the office. Some of his clerks had resigned, and the others had become nervous and 'jumpy' under Bill's unreasonable ways. Bill was fired. He got another position without trouble—but he did not hold it very long. I saw him about a month ago. He's reading water-meters—practically a failure in life because he never learned to control his temper."

Mr. Phelps leaned back and looked at his son with a steady gaze.

"You are getting old enough to be something of a man," he said. "I don't want you to be like Bill Foley."

The next day was as clear and beautiful as May can be; and it was hotter than May days usually are. It was ideal weather for going down the river—but not for spading the garden.

When at length Ted heard the dim tinkle of a clock announcing the hour of eleven, he stopped work and leaned on his spading-fork. There was only one little corner left—a space that should take about half an hour, but as he looked at it now, he was almost sure that he would never get it done.

"In about one minute I'm going to drop," he muttered.

Then he looked up and saw Louise coming toward him, looking very cool and dainty in a white dress.

"You must be tired and hot," she said. "Here are a glass of milk and a peanut-butter sandwich—the kind you like."

"Whee!" cried Ted. "I was 'most dead—maybe I can coax myself back to life now."

She handed him the glass and the sandwich, and then remained near him on the unspaded part of the plot.

"I'm sorry I giggled yesterday," she said shyly.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered. "Of course I'm sorry I slapped you."

"I heard Dad and mother talking last evening," she said, steering the conversation from the uncomfortable ground of apologies. "Do you know why Dad was so severe with you?"

"Oh, because of that Bill Foley he told me about, I guess," Ted answered.

"No," she told him. "You'd never guess in a year. It seems Dad himself used to have a terrible temper—it runs in his family, he says. Now—did you ever think Dad had a temper?"

"No!" Ted exclaimed in genuine surprise. "I never did."

The day being Saturday, Mr. Phelps came home to lunch at one o'clock. As they were finishing, he looked across the table at Ted.

"Well, son," he said, "what do you say to our going to the workroom and making that dog-house?"

"You mean—you'll help?" Ted cried.

"A little," his father nodded.

It was remarkable, as Ted noticed, how fast that dog-house went together now that his father was helping. They had it finished in an hour!

"And we never lost our tempers once," Mr. Phelps commented.

"I've lost mine," Ted said. "I've thrown it two thousand miles away, and I'm not ever going after it!"

Mr. Phelps smiled.

"Don't be too sure," he said. "But if we watch it carefully, we can be certain that it won't get the better of us many times."

They carried the dog-house out into the back yard, and at Ted's command Prindle stepped into it—and then lay down with his head and paws out, for all the world as if he had been in the habit of living in a dog-house all his life.

Mr. Phelps looked at his watch.

"It isn't three o'clock," he said. "I wonder if you and Louise and mother wouldn't like to take a ride in the car? And perhaps—"

A twinkle grew in his eyes.

"Perhaps we might take the river road and drop you at the camp with the other fellows."

For just a moment Ted stared.

Then he uttered a war-whoop that any Indian might have been proud to have produced, and executed a triple handspring—while Prindle ran in circles around him, barking joyfully at his young master's very evident joy.

### The Buttercup Look.

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS.

**O**H, yellow-headed buttercup, you're like a little lass  
Who's running out without her hat, barefooted in the grass.

Now, little gipsy buttercup, that's what I want to do,—

To go around without my hat and shoes and stockings, too.

But mother says I mustn't yet, and I could almost cry  
To think of waiting till the earth is very warm and dry.

But, merry little buttercup, you're wonderfully shiny,

And if I'm going to play with you I s'pose I can't be whiny.

So, though I'm feeling rather cross, I'll do my best to smile,

And then, perhaps, I'll look like you in just a little while.

And we can have all sorts of fun out in the fields together,

And dance with all the buttercups in the bright summer weather.

And when at noon-time I fly home my mother'll laugh and say,

"Why, here's a little sunbeam come to lunch with us to-day."

And grandmother will nod, and add, above the frock she's patching,

"The buttercups are out, I guess, and sunniness is catching."

### That Fearful Hawk.

BY EFFIE EGBERT.

**R**OBERTA—her mother called her Robbie—loved to feed the turkeys. As soon as the morning sun looked over the pine-topped mountains that surrounded the small California orchard where she lived, Robbie would take her pan of alfalfa meal and run out through the pear and plum trees until she came to the turkey corral. It was the turkey babies that she loved best. When they were first hatched, under the manzanita bushes in the corral, she was wild with joy.

She thought they looked like wild birds, darting in and out through the bushes, with their quick motions.

"They run ever so much faster than the little chickens," she said to her mother, "and they're more afraid of me, too."

"It hasn't been so very long, dear, not more than four hundred years, since the turkeys were sure-enough wild birds, and lived in the forests," her mother explained. "The chickens, however, have been barnyard fowls for two or three thousand years. So, you see, the turkey still has left some of that instinct to be afraid of people."

In spite of their shyness, though, Robbie made friends with the new babies. She had a call, a singsong call, which they soon understood. When she reached the gate of their corral of a morning, she would stand still and sing:

"Tur'-keys! Tur'-keys! All' the lit'-tle tur'-key ba'-bies,  
Tur'-keys! Tur'-keys! All' the lit'-tle tur'-key ba'-bies."

And no matter how much the turkey mother would scold and fret, the babies would run in flocks to Robbie. The days when she brought them chopped onions, they were so pleased that between every bite they would stop to say the turkey word, "Q-uit! Q-uit! Q-uit! Q-uit!" which in that case meant, "Oh, goody! Onions! Onions!"

The turkey mothers were always very careful of their babies. They walked around their corral, heads on one side, and an eye cocked toward the sky on the lookout for hawks, for hawks just love to eat little turkeys. When they're sailing round, high in the sky, they're on the watch, and the instant they see the little dears, in a clear space where there are no trees or bushes, down they swoop on their swift wings, pick up a feathered baby and away they fly with it.

One of the turkey mothers was an especially fine bird, with beautiful bronze colors in her breast feathers. There were so many of these metallic shades, all mixed together, that Robbie said she didn't know what to say her color was. But they made her think of her grandmother's Paisley shawl, which her mother kept carefully locked in a cedar chest. "I know what I'll do," she said. "I'll name this turkey Mrs. Paisley."

Well, whenever Mrs. Paisley found herself and her babies in a clear space away from the manzanita bushes, she kept one eye always on the sky. She knew all about those fearful hawks, and she was a very careful mother.

Now in California there are sometimes five or six months in the summer when there is no rain. Everything is so dry that there is great danger of forest fires. This year the Government sent out patrolmen in airplanes to fly over the country and to report immediately if they saw fire starting on Government land. Of course Robbie and her mother and her father were very much interested in the first trip of the airplane, for they had never seen one.

The first day it flew over, they ran out of the house as soon as they heard its loud, buzzing noise. They made for the turkey corral, because in that direction there were no tall pines or spreading oaks to obstruct the view. They were watching the big bird in the sky with the keenest curiosity, when Robbie heard another sound, a quick, distracted "Quit!! Quit!! Quit!! Quit!!" She looked around. Here was Mrs. Paisley, running wildly about, her head on one side,

her eye glued on the airplane, crying "Quit!! Quit!!" Robbie knew what that meant as well as if Mrs. Paisley had said it in so many words. It meant, "My precious babies! Danger! Danger! Run to cover!" Poor Mrs. Paisley! She knew what the mere sight of a hawk meant, but when they added that awful noise she was more than scared. Robbie and her mother and her father laughed, and laughed, and laughed. Even then Mrs. Paisley didn't see her mistake. She kept up her warning cry until the airplane was out of sight. Robbie was still laughing when she happened to think, where are her babies? She looked around in dismay. Not one was in sight. Nor could she see them, hiding under the manzanita bushes. She called:

"Tur'-keys! Tur'-keys! All' the lit'-tle tur'-key ba'-bies!"

Not one answered. Robbie began searching for them everywhere. Suddenly she came to a standstill. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "I almost stepped on one, right at my feet here. Poor little thing! It's hurt." Its little body was flat on the ground and its head stretched out also flat on the ground. She stooped to pick it up, when off it darted, like a shot, to its mother. Then another seemed to come up out of the earth, and another and another. Robbie began to count as fast as she could. "The whole twelve," she cried, "were right here, flat on the ground, almost under my feet."

Robbie's father laughed. "If we couldn't see them," he said, "almost under our feet, how could a hawk far up in the sky detect them? Don't you see? That's camouflage. They're the color of the ground and the dry leaves. Mother Turkey knows where they're safest, and that place is where they look most like the ground. Yes, that's camouflage, and long before our soldiers in France practised it, the wild turkeys in the woods knew all about it."

Robbie looked after the airplane, that was now almost out of sight, and laughed again. "But Daddy," she said. "Mrs. Paisley didn't do all the fooling. I think there was as much camouflage up in the sky as there was here on the ground."

"Yes, that's right," her father admitted. "Mrs. Paisley was fooled by a mechanical hawk."

### The King.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

ONE afternoon the little king sat on his throne and fanned himself with a big sheaf of bird-of-paradise feathers—for it was very hot. Now and then he nibbled at a turkey-breast sandwich—the king liked turkey-breast sandwiches better than any kind in the world, and when he wasn't eating he played on a golden harp which made the sweetest music, or watched his pet humming-bird buzzing about among the flowers. The king was very happy.

But presently some one came right into the king's presence without even begging for an audience. The king thought he must be a pirate or a brigand, but he was very polite.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" said the pirate—or brigand. "What you settin' on that box for?"

The king looked surprised. "Why, this isn't a box, my good sir," he said. "Can't you see that it is a throne?"

"Huh!" sniffed the brigand—or pirate. "What's that old zither with only two strings good for?"

The king looked shocked. "That is my



golden harp," he said. "It was presented to me by the members of my loyal kingdom. I would let you play on it, but they said that no other hands but mine were to touch the golden strings."

The pirate—or brigand—sniffed again. "Ain't you got nothing better to eat than bread and butter?" he demanded.

"This is a turkey-breast sandwich," the king explained patiently. "The turkeys are pure white and are bathed in milk every day. Only maidens with flowers in their hair are allowed to attend them. When one is wanted in the kitchen it is killed with a silver axe studded with diamonds. There is no other turkey meat in the world like it."

"Aw—go on!" said the brigand—or pirate. "Say—why don't you swat that fly?"

The hands of the king flew up in horror. "Kill my pet humming-bird! Never!" he exclaimed. "There never was a king before who had a pet humming-bird."

"You ain't no king," the pirate—or brigand—said. "Kings don't never have red hair. So long."

So the brigand—or pirate—went away, and the king got slowly down from his throne and went over to the poet's house next door. The poet came down through the avenue of hollyhocks to meet him.

"Good-morning, Your Highness," he said. "I see you have set a new fashion in jewels. You are wearing diamonds in your eyes!"

The king dashed them away and pointed a pink finger back over his shoulder to where the brigand—or pirate—was trudging across the field, his bare feet making a dreadful dust in the path.

"He says that kings do not have red hair," he cried in a choky voice that sounded like a brook gurgling between two stones.

The poet man looked thoughtful. "Well now," he said,

"Of all the kings I ever knew  
In all my life—I swear it's true!  
Why, just as many had red hair  
As any other shade—so there!"

"Oh—is that really true—not just poetry true?" cried the little king.

"Honest-and-cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die true," cried the poet. "And furthermore,

## RAIN

BY LILIAN MAYFIELD ROBERTS

Grandpa knows when it will rain  
By the way the wind is blowing  
For when my skirt stands out ONE way  
Grandpa is always sure to say  
No rain! for the sails are blowing"

But I just hold my hat and run  
While the wind pulls at my hair  
Of course I know the rain's begun  
Across the hills way over there  
FOR,  
I SMELL IT  
IN THE AIR

Evelyn Lurana Mosher.

"If your hair was only brown  
You couldn't wear it for a crown!"

And all of the hollyhocks nodded, and nodded, and nodded some more, just as if they were bowing to the little king. The king bowed back, and smiled, and shook his hands with the poet man (he would have shaken hands with the hollyhocks too had they had any hands to shake) and went back through the garden and climbed up on his throne and played on his zither. He looked for his sandwich, but the royal cat had eaten that. But he didn't care—for he was a happy little king again!

### A Meadow Song.

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

A CRICKET teetered on a blade.  
Sing meadow-grass and babbling brook!  
And only cheerful sounds he made;  
Because, you see, he thought it paid.  
A Cricket teetered on a blade.  
Sing buttercups and daisies!

A Bumble-bee came buzzing by.

Sing clover-tops and thoroughwort!  
So laden he could hardly fly.  
He had a twinkle in his eye.  
A Bumble-bee came buzzing by.  
Sing honey-cup and pollen!

A Butterfly did naught but dance.

Sing flutter, flutter, here and there!  
He said with such a merry glance,  
He thought he ought while there was chance.  
A Butterfly did naught but dance.  
Sing feather-grass and yarrow!

At night a Firefly flitted, too.

Sing evening-primrose in the lane!  
Because it seemed the thing to do.  
It might not be for me or you.  
At night a Firefly flitted, too.

Sing silver stars and moonbeams!

A joyous Bat flapped out that way.

Sing dusky shadows of the trees!  
Said he, "Some work, and others play;  
And both are right, is what I say!"  
A joyous Bat flapped out that way.  
Sing soft night-wind and dewdrops!



## THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

2128 BOLTON STREET,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

Dear Miss Buck,—I came from England eighteen months ago, where I used to go to Rev. F. Hankinson's church, who now is in Budapest working among our Hungarian Unitarians there. Since I have come to Baltimore I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school here. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday, and am very anxious to be a member of the Beacon Club. I enjoy reading the stories very much and particularly liked "The Street in the Sheep Pasture."

My brother joined the Beacon Club not many weeks ago.

Yours sincerely,

MINCHEN FARLEY.

[We are more than glad to welcome English Unitarians to our Club and to the fellowship of our American Unitarian Churches.—EDITOR.]

44 ST. LUKE'S PLACE,  
MONTCLAIR, N.J.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I have taken *The Beacon* four years,—one year in Holyoke, Mass., and three here.

## Seizing an Opportunity.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are some excellent accounts of boy life and adventure in a book so large that boys and girls might think it was meant entirely for grown people and so not undertake to read it. The book is named "The Americanization of Edward Bok." It is now to be found in most public libraries.

In an early chapter, named "The Hunger for Self-Education," Mr. Bok tells how he had to leave school when he was thirteen years old to help earn a living for himself and his family, who had come from Holland when he was only six years old. The lad well knew that his education must still go on. He must get it now, not from books, but from life.

The chapter tells how Edward studied the lives of successful men and women in the Encyclopedia. He then wrote to the people about whom he studied, asking one why he did this or that, another the date or particulars of some event not fully given in the biographical sketch. In this way he made a collection of autographed letters for which he was famous while yet a boy.

He soon met many interesting people. The account is worth while not only as showing methods of self-education, but for the ways in which this lad earned money outside that which he received for his duties as office boy.

He was always ready to seize an opportunity because he used his mind and saw a need. His first literary work was writing biographical sketches, one hundred words each, to print on the back of pictures of famous people that were being given away by a New York firm. The lad himself saw that the picture would be of more value if it contained such a sketch. When he pointed out that fact to the publisher, he was asked to write the sketches and received for each a good sum.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Our minister is Rev. E. S. Wiers and our teacher is Mrs. Johnson. Our Sunday school raised over sixty dollars so far. I don't think the stories could be improved upon. I like the puzzles especially well. This is the first real club I have joined.

Yours truly,

RICHARD MORE STEWART.

ACADEMY HOLY NAMES,  
ALBANY, N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck,—Through a girl friend I happened to read your paper, *The Beacon*. I am very interested in the Club and I desire to become a member.

I think your paper a very interesting one, to be sure. As I am in a boarding-school I do not receive *The Beacon*, but my friend always saves her copy for me.

I am fourteen years old. I live in New York City but attend the Academy in Albany. There are about forty boarders here, but a number of girls attend the day school. We have a dandy time among ourselves, as you must know a number of girls can have.

If any other reader of *The Beacon* would care to correspond with me I should appreciate it very much and would answer with all haste, as I enjoy letter-writing.

Respectfully yours,

NANNA SCHWANEMANN.

No boy or girl could do just the same things young Bok did and succeed. That would be mere copying. But boys and girls can have the same hunger for real education; they can learn to look for opportunities, and to seize them, when they find them. The story of Edward Bok will help them to see the way. In time they may learn the truth of this saying: "Every person has two educations; one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself."

More Copies of *The Beacon* Wanted.

WE are in receipt of a letter from the minister of a church whose school has long subscribed for copies of our paper, enclosing a postal money order for not quite the amount due on previous subscriptions, saying it is the best he can do and that the number of copies must be reduced unless we can send the present number without further charge, also that ten more copies are much needed.

Occasionally we hear of schools where some of the members feel that they have outgrown *The Beacon* and where more copies are subscribed for than can be used. If this notice comes to the attention of an officer of some such school, would it be possible to have such extra copies sent where they are so much needed, the change being made in our mailing-list only, the bill being rendered on the present basis? Or would some of our Beacon Club boys and girls, or some of our older readers, like to send the price of a subscription (fifty cents to schools) to the Editor, which may be applied to the payment of additional copies for this school? The Editor will be glad to give more definite information upon inquiry.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA LVI.

I am composed of 30 letters.  
My 5, 1, 10, 8, is a sheet of water.  
My 3, 17, 18, 19, is an animal.  
My 2, 11, 12, 4, is a piece of furniture.  
My 14, 1, 2, 13, is one of the points of the compass.  
My 11, 12, 13, is frequently.  
My 3, 17, 7, 19, is a beverage.  
My 21, 20, 27, is a donkey.  
My 24, 25, 26, is something we do every day.  
My 1, 6, 7, 29, 22, 9, 26, 11, 23, is a reptile.  
My 28, 21, 30, 30, 14, 15, 16, means occurs.  
My whole is a proverb.

## ENIGMA LVII.

I am composed of 21 letters.  
My 4, 16, 2, 7, 6, is needed in illness.  
My 10, 2, 6, 18, 5, 8, is thoroughly wet.  
My 21, 19, 4, 9, 17, is a kind of voice.  
My 11, 3, 2, 10, 6, 14, is a place for flowers.  
My 20, 16, 17, 1, is grass.  
My 12, 13, 15, is to cry.  
My whole is a famous writer.

CAROLINE E. STAFFORD.

## DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

The letters from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner spell the first name of a popular writer, and the other diagonal spells the last name.

1. A covered gallery or portico in Italian architecture.
2. An earth spirit inhabiting caves.
3. A spout controlling the outlet of liquid.
4. To rub oil upon the body; often spoken of in the Bible.
5. To certify as true.
6. Used in building roads.

HELENA BROCKELMAN.

## TWISTED COUNTRIES IN EUROPE.

- |                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. Algpruto.   | 6. Niaabal.  |
| 2. Airbluga.   | 7. Yitla.    |
| 3. Airvse.     | 8. Ouranaim. |
| 4. Orgomneten. | 9. Mnakrde.  |
| 5. Ssura.      | 10. Mueblig. |

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 25.

ENIGMA LIII.—Theodore Roosevelt.  
ENIGMA LIII.—All the winds say March.  
A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.—1. Lincoln. 2. Orange.  
3. Crawford. 4. Ralston. 5. Greene.  
TWISTED COUNTRIES OF MASSACHUSETTS.—1. Barnstable. 2. Dukes. 3. Essex. 4. Suffolk. 5. Worcester. 6. Plymouth. 7. Bristol. 8. Hampden. 9. Norfolk. 10. Hampshire.

## PI.

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;  
Charging along like troops in a battle,  
And through the meadows the horses and cattle;  
All of the sights of the hill and plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.

## THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY  
THE BEACON PRESS, Inc.  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from  
104 E. 20th St., New York  
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago  
570 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 18, 1918.

PRESS OF GEO. H. ELLIS CO. (INC.) BOSTON.